
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MAY, 1818.

MRS. MOSSE,

THIS lady is daughter of the late Joseph Rouviere, Esq. of Dublin, a gentleman whose professional abilities as an oculist, stood unrivalled, and whose death, some years ago, when she was a very young girl, was lamented as a national calamity. His charity to his numerous poor patients was as unbounded as his talents were great, on which account, a pension was granted him on the Irish Establishment, with a promise from the late Lord Clare, then Chancellor, of its reverting to his widow and only child, Henrietta Rouviere, in the event of their surviving him; he enjoyed it but a very short time, and *the pension died with him*; for though repeatedly applied for, and the claim never denied, yet the reversion could not be obtained, and, on the death of Lord Clare, the widow ceased all further application. Dr. Rouviere was a foreigner; but having resided several years in Ireland, receiving from it many public testimonies of approbation, and marrying one of its countrywomen, a Miss Nixon, of the county Wexford, he might be almost said to have been naturalized. It may not, perhaps, be unworthy of notice, that he was nephew of Monsieur Jard, who was *accoucheur* to the late dau-

phiness of France, and who brought the unfortunate Louis XVI. into the world. By the then existing etiquette of that country, the medical gentleman who had the honour of bringing into this life the heir to the throne, could never for the future attend any female for pecuniary remuneration; M. Jard, therefore, lived much at Versailles afterwards, where his nephew had frequent opportunities of mixing in the society of the young dauphin, and he became strongly attached to him. The subsequent misfortunes of the king made a deep impression on his mind, and even to the moment of his dissolution, ceased not to agonize it. Some time about the year 1802-3, Miss Rouviere came to England with her mother; and about 1804, commenced her literary career by presenting to the public "*Lussington Abbey*," and thinking the name of Rouviere would sanction her first attempt, she at once announced herself. She was then very ignorant of literary transactions; therefore conceived it almost a matter of right to conciliate the good opinion of the awful tribunal of critics by a kind of prefatory dedication. They could not abuse the work, but chose to snarl at the address. Had they known it was a young and inexperienced girl, they might possibly have been more civil. In her second work, however, "*The Heirs of Villeroy*," we believe Miss Rouviere gives some kind of apology for the *error* she had been under. Her next production was "*A Peep at our Ancestors*," which she had intended publishing by subscription, under the patronage of the Duke of Leinster, to whom she was personally known. His Grace's death, and the illness of her mother, considerably retarded the work, and, with the exception of a few private names, she gave up her original intention. Her next was "*The Old Irish Baronet*," which work, as well as a subsequent one, portrays her country as happily as any of her cotemporaries. "*Arrivals from India*," gave equal celebrity to her name; and her last, "*A Bride and no Wife*," is just come before the public under as favourable, if not more favourable auspices than any of her former works. We understand, she possesses

great taste for poetry, and that her dramatic genius only wants bringing forward to be approved. We hope to see her attempt patronized. Under her maiden name, Henrietta Rouviere, this lady produced many of her works ; but she was married shortly after her coming to England, and about a year previous to her mother's decease, to Isaac Mosse, Esq. merchant; of whom may be said, that his knowledge and talents might place him in the first situations of life, did not his inflexible adherence to one political system, which he thinks just, oppose itself against any pecuniary advantages.

THE EMPEROR LEOPOLD.

THE Emperor Leopold, who was a weak prince, and without courage, upon the approach of the Turks to attack his capital, quitted Vienna with precipitation, and retired to Lentz ; and when he was informed that the enemy had actually invested Vienna, he fled still farther off, as far as Passau, leaving the Duke of Lorraine at the head of a little army, which had been already defeated by the Turks, to take what care he could of the fortunes of the empire. Every one believed the Grand Vizier, Cara-Mustapha, who commanded the Ottoman troops, would have soon reduced the place ; but his presumption and brutal contempt of the Christians proved his ruin. His delays gave time for the arrival of John Sobieski, of Poland, who, being joined by the Duke of Lorraine, fell furiously upon the Ottoman multitude, and forced them to abandon the siege. The Emperor returned to his capital, under the shame of having quitted it, and made his entrance at the time when his deliverer was coming out of the church, where they had been singing *Te Deum*, and where the preacher for his text had taken these words, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was *John*."

THE BATTUECAS ;

A ROMANCE,

FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

TRANSLATION,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

(Continued from page 196.)

“ My dear Placid,

“ I have distressing news to announce to you, and I must hasten to relate it, in order to prevail on you to prolong your stay at Madrid some months. Banish Inès from your memory for ever; she is no longer worthy of you: she fled with a stranger, who remained so short a time in the valley that no one knows his name. He arrived in the evening; and, doubtless, instead of shutting herself up in the cottage, according to the invariable custom of young girls, Inès, after having seen him, sought, and, a thing unheard of in this solitude! she made her escape with him the next morning at break of day. A note, written, and signed by her own hand, leaves not the least doubt in this respect. Let us then forget this wretched creature, who was not seduced; and must have made the first advances; for no stranger, you know, can enter the cottages, when the girls are in them; and you are not ignorant that Don Pedro would not have seen Inès, had he not been the father of a family, my nephew, and an upright man. Well knowing the sincerity of your affections and promises, I picture to myself your distressing surprise on learning this sad event; and sigh at the mortification that this letter will occasion. As the autumn is nearly passed, I advise you to spend the winter in Madrid, and not to return here till

the spring. Let your conscience console you, my dear Placid; and thank heaven, who has given you a soul incapable of yielding remissly to criminal passions; and gifted you with those generous feelings, which, were it necessary, would prefer death to perjury."

Astonished, after having read this letter, I took leave of the priest who had brought it me; and, when alone, I fell into an arm-chair, and burst into tears. A thousand different feelings agitated my soul; but, at this moment, shame prevailed over every other. The man whom I the most revered, thought me incapable of failing in my word, and giving way to passion! O! how oppressive was his esteem! I was not deserving of it. I could scarcely feel pleasure at finding myself at liberty! It seemed as if I was no longer to be happy: alas! was I worthy of knowing and enjoying it! My passion, no longer stifling the voice of conscience, since every obstacle was destroyed, the veil was removed that obscured my reason; and I sat in impartial judgment on myself; and could no longer conceive myself to be the same being! At last, I pitied the fate of young Inès, the victim, doubtless, of a seducer and learnt to commiserate the errors occasioned by passion; for had I not adored Donna Bianca at first sight? But I was soon reanimated by love and hope; and, to deliver myself from their enchantment, I drove from my imagination, but without the power to banish them entirely, these tardy and sad reflections. I went to Don Pedro's, and, not wishing to join hypocrisy to my weakness, I made a sincere confession of the extravagant projects that I had formed. This painful avowal cost me much; but it was a kind of expiation that relieved my oppressed conscience. My frankness disarmed the austerity of the virtuous Don Pedro; and he treated me in an indulgent and friendly manner. Dear Placid, said he, never forget that the time a true friend can be more especially serviceable is in danger; and what danger can be greater than that to which we are exposed when we only listen to our passions. If you had opened your heart to me, one single reflection, dictated by honour and friendship,

would have been sufficient to have restored you to a sense of your duty. Besides, I could have easily proved to you, how chimerical were all your designs! for you would never have obtained the consent of Donna Bianca; and your project of carrying her away was as impracticable as that of an establishment in a desert island. But let us forget the past, and only look to the future, which opens so fair a prospect: you are free, Donna Bianca loves you, has confessed it, and is your's, you may depend on it. I have received a letter from her, in which she informs me, that, to endeavour to dissipate her extreme sorrow, she is gone to Valencia, whose delightful environs she intends to visit; we shall there find her alone, situate on the sea-shore, in the little port of Grao; and, if you wish it, we will depart early to-morrow morning.

At these words, I threw my arms around Don Pedro's neck, and embraced him with transport: his friendship reconciled me to myself; Don Pedro assured me of my happiness, and I no longer doubted it,

We departed the next morning; and, after a journey which appeared to me unusually long, we arrived at Grao in the evening.

What happiness awaited me! I was soon at Donna Bianca's feet; and, in the presence of Don Pedro, received her promise of fidelity, and heard her swear an eternal love for me! The next morning at waking, how enchanting was the first thought that struck on my senses! What joy to shake off my drowsy slumbers once more, and commence so happy an existence! I flew to Donna Bianca, and though the sun was scarcely risen, she was waiting for me! Don Pedro was not yet stirring; and Donna Bianca, knowing that I had never seen the sea, proposed a solitary walk upon the shore; the heat of the atmosphere was intolerable, and the sky clouded. We went out alone; I held her arm pressed against my heart; a profound silence reigned around us; in surveying a charming landscape, I was transported beyond myself; and, in the violence of my emotions, there was a mixed feeling of extatic delight, and

something indescribably mournful!—Fragile and fugitive beings, born to suffer, and rapidly pass away, we have more strength to endure misfortune than to sustain supreme felicity!—A secret melancholy is ever mingled with our most voluptuous pleasures! It is a presentiment of the shortness of their duration; we know that they may glide from us never to return! a vague inquietude empoisons the purest enjoyments of the heart! Alas! perfect security would therefore be madness and presumption!—Suddenly I hear the noise of the waves of the sea;—I start;—the expectation of a new and imposing spectacle still increases my emotion; the disposition of my soul gave me a confused dread of the effect!—We walked on—Look to your right, said Donna Bianca; I turned round, and saw we were upon the sea-shore! At the sight of this immense ocean, bounded by the horizon, I remained motionless; a sentiment profoundly religious soon calmed my agitated spirits! The dearest interests of life were for a moment effaced from my mind; I was petrified by an inexpressible emotion of surprise and admiration; all terrestrial thoughts fled from me like light dreams; at the sight of immensity, one of the attributes of the Eternal, my bold, but feeble imagination was raised and confounded; it darted beyond the waves and the clouds; and, to contemplate the immutable eternity, it was lost in his illimitable fields! Ideas of immeasurable greatness, till then unknown, confusedly struck my astonished mind, and I felt with delight that I was acquiring new sentiments and faculties to admire and adore the Creator of the universe. But the sweet voice of Donna Bianca soon diverted me from this kind of extacy. We continued our walk upon the shore. I loved her passionately; we were both free; I relied equally upon her affections and promise; and yet nothing could dissipate my profound melancholy! I trembled, while enjoying the present; and feared to cast my eyes upon the dreadful future, which keeps in reserve so many flying projects, so many deceitful hopes! If, to recover myself, I made an effort to represent it as love seemed to offer it to my view,

I found only an obscure veil, that I dared not raise! Donna Bianca spoke of our union; and fixed a day. I sighed; and my eyes were filled with tears! She tenderly reproved me for my sadness. Alas! answered I, how should a happiness like mine not be uneasy!—Uneasy! great God! and why?—I am unacquainted with the world; and you have told me, it will disapprove of our union.—I cannot prevent it.—Ah! that we were far from this jealous and strange world!—The world will not allow the plausible laws that it has established to be set at defiance; but, even in the eyes of virtue, the forgetfulness of them is sometimes justifiable. O Placid! continued she, it is not a blind affection that attaches me to you. In giving way to the inclination of my heart, I am certain that my life will be more pure and virtuous; and that I shall really make a worthy use of my fortune. The idea of luxury, magnificence, and vanity, have not changed the goodness of your heart; you could not even conceive, if they were explained to you, the sad influence that they have upon our actions. Without any effort of reason, you would not hesitate between the choice of maintaining thirty horses, or fifty families; while raising again the thatched cottage of the poor, you would not think it more pleasing to build a useless one in your garden. You will never prefer a brilliant trifle to a good action; you will do good, not only in simplicity, but with sincere pleasure; and without once suspecting that, in society, sacrifices are required in its performance. This is the husband that I have chosen: when his character, genius, and principles, are known, when it shall be seen, how near he approaches to my ideas of moral perfection, when the world shall be enabled to judge of him by our conduct, my choice will be approved.—O! my Placidia! cried I, what do you say? Who? me! bring your angelic virtues to perfection; O! what illusions of love! Do you then forget all that you have done before you knew me? Ah! do not think to raise me by lowering yourself! my only real greatness is that of being loved by you; I wish for no other. As I said these words, the redoubled noise of the waves recalled my atten-

tion; and I saw the sea gradually agitated; its tumultuous waves soon raised their awful heads, were urged on, and came with tremendous roar to break their force at our feet upon the sand. I sorrowfully clasped the hand of Donna Bianca; and a sympathetic and mournful thought seized us both at once. O heaven! said she, looking at the sea; it was so calm!—Alas! resumed I, it presents a striking image of life! it is as deceitful as hope, as inconstant and tempestuous as human destiny, and its brilliant surface hides a profound abyss? I could not refrain from tears; and saw that Donna Bianca was equally affected. O! pardon, cried I, throwing myself at her feet, pardon this too sensible heart, that love has rendered timid. Yes, I am terrified at my own happiness. How believe it, when my imagination has not even sufficient power to describe it to me? It is bewildered and subdued, when I wish to depict it before-hand. To love thee is to live, think, and breathe; my love is become my existence; so that I cannot pretend not to know its excess and extent; but the felicity that thou hast promised me, those celestial joys of love and virtue, no, I cannot conceive them. In that delightful future, which thou announcest, I ever see thee, it is true; and thee only; I contemplate thee, surrounded by the sciences, decked in all the charms of modesty, innocence, and goodness; my eye rapturously follows thy beneficent steps; every where I see thee taking care of the aged and abandoned, stretching out thy arms to the orphan, and succouring the unfortunate;—but when I wish to rush towards this divine form, and prostrate myself at her feet, a dark cloud separates me from her!—No, no, replied Donna Bianca, henceforth nothing shall separate us; a happy and an indissoluble bond shall, in a few days, unite us for ever! I cannot partake of such frivolous fears; yet they vex me. Ah! let us not lose an instant of such pure happiness! So saying, her tears flowed, and mingled with mine. At this instant, we perceived Don Pedro, who, terrified at the tempest, came in a carriage to search for us. We were seated upon a rock. We arose, wiping away our

tears. Let us conceal our weakness from Don Pedro, said Donna Bianca, with a smile full of sweetness; friendship will never conceive the caprices of love. We rejoined Don Pedro; and ascended the carriage.

At the appearance of Don Pedro, I was more tranquil; the sight of him dissipated my fears. I had such confidence in him, that his perfect security in the accomplishment of my wishes reanimated my hopes. In fine, I dared to dwell upon my happiness, when I saw so rational a man believe it certain. The rest of the day passed delightfully; and the next morning, we all three departed for Donna Bianca's estate. With what rapture I entered this charming residence, where I was, in a few days, to receive the hand of Donna Bianca; for we had determined that the ceremony should be performed in the chapel of the castle. Don Pedro immediately went to the rector's, to give him notice of our marriage; and to appoint the day, which was fixed for that day week.

(To be continued.)

LORD NORTH.

WHEN Lord North determined to resign the situation of Premier, he ordered his carriage to be in waiting for him at the door of the House of Commons. As his intended resignation was a profound secret, and the members expected that the House would not be up till late, few of them had ordered their carriages till midnight, and, in consequence of their breaking up so unexpectedly early, the housekeeper's room became extremely crowded. Lord North, in passing to his coach, said, with a good humoured smile, to some of the opposition members, who had given him a great deal of trouble, "Good night, gentlemen. You see what it is to be in the secret."

LIVES OF CELEBRATED WOMEN

OF THE

Eighteenth Century.

MADAME MAINTENON.

THE memoir of Frances Aubigné, Marchioness of Maintenon, has all the interest of the most extraordinary romance. She was born the 8th September, 1635, in a prison at Niort, where Constant Aubigné and her mother, Anne Cardillac, daughter of the governor of the Chateau Trompette, at Bourdeaux, were confined. Madame Villette went to see her sister-in-law, Madame Aubigné, in prison, who, oppressed with sorrow and poverty, was presenting her breast, which was nearly deprived of milk, sometimes to her new-born infant, and sometimes to her husband, whose despair had deranged his faculties. Madame Villette, affected at this cruel sight, took Frances with her to the castle of Murcai. Some time after, they again conducted M. Aubigné to the Chateau Trompette at Bourdeaux; Madame Aubigné then demanded her daughter of Madame Villette. Frances, educated at the Chateau Trompette, often played with the keeper's daughter, of the same age as herself. This little girl, who inherited a considerable property, sometimes reproached Frances on account of her poverty. "It is true, I am not so rich as you," Frances one day replied, "but I am a gentlewoman; and you are not." M. Aubigné, having recovered his liberty in 1639, resolved to try his fortune in America; and embarked with his wife and children. During the voyage, Frances was taken dangerously ill, and reduced to such a state, that they supposed her to be dead. Her mother wept, sighed over, and revived her on her bosom. M. Aubigné took the child from her, whose

presence increased her despair. A sailor was preparing to throw her into the sea, when Madame Aubigné desired to give her a last kiss; and, at the same instant, applying her hand to her daughter's heart, perceived that she breathed, and bestowed on her fresh tokens of care and affection. Soon after, the vessel which carried the family of Aubigné was attacked by a corsair; and the crew were all terribly alarmed; except the recovered Frances, who was indifferent about it, and observed to her brother, that "if we are taken, we shall no longer be under the controul of our parents."

M. Aubigné settled at Martinique, and succeeded at first in his enterprises; but, in the midst of his prosperity, a fire broke out in his house. Frances wept; but her father strongly reprimanded her, saying—"Is it worth while to weep for the loss of a house?" "It is not the house that I weep for," answered Frances, "it is my doll, which is burning."

Madame Aubigné, to form the judgment of her daughter, gave her Plutarch's Lives to read; and ordered her to make extracts from them. One day, when her brother appeared terrified at the torments which the wicked would suffer in hell—"Believe me," replied Frances, "*they will not be eternal; the good God will change his mind.*" Madame Aubigné was often pleased to relate the exploits of her grandfather; and the favours which Henry IV. had heaped upon him. "And I," said the child, "*what shall I be?*"—"Ah! *what do you wish to be?*" asked her mother. "*Queen of Navarre,*" replied she.

M. Aubigné died; his widow, not being able to discharge his debts, departed for France; and left her daughter as a pledge to his creditors. Frances, being afflicted with a complaint engendered by want, was considered a burthen to the principal creditor's wife. The judge of the place received her from motives of charity; but, seeing that her mother did not take her away, he sent her by the first vessel which set sail for France, to Madame Montalembert, who gave her a very indifferent reception. The Marchioness

Villette, affected at the misfortunes of Frances, took her home, and instructed her in the Protestant religion, for which Frances conceived the greatest enthusiasm. Madame Aubigné, involved in great misery, could not oppose the wishes of Madame Villette, who besides endeavoured to inspire Frances with every virtue, and especially benevolence, by making her every day the distributer of her alms. Madame Neuillant, a relation of Madame Aubigné, obtained an order from the court to take away Frances from Madame Villette; and she was desirous of instructing her in the catholic religion; but neither her lessons, nor those of the rector, advanced her conversion—"You know more than I," said she to the rector, "but there is a book (shewing him the Bible) which knows more than you; and this book says not what you say; therefore you do not wish it to be read." Madame Neuillant thought to subdue Frances by humiliating her, and burthening her with the vilest domestic drudgery of the house. Frances assisted the coachman to look after the horses; and kept the turkeys. She afterwards said, "I commanded in the poultry-yard; and my reign commenced with this government." A young peasant fell in love with Miss Aubigné, and declared his love; she informed Madame Villette of it, who in turn communicated it to Madame Neuillant. This lady placed her in the convent of Ursuline nuns at Niort, but left Madame Villette to pay the pension. The nuns of Niort had much trouble to persuade Frances to embrace the catholic religion. "I will admit all," said she, "provided that you do not oblige me to believe that my good aunt Villette will be damned." Nevertheless a nun of a milder and more insinuating character than that of her companions, interested her so far as to induce her to renounce the Protestant faith. From this moment, Madame Villette discontinued her pension.

The nuns of Niort were soon tired of taking care of her gratuitously, and begged Madame Aubigné to take her daughter again, who, they added, was old enough to be brought forward in the world.

Madame Aubigné was preparing, in 1649, to return to Poitou, when Madame Neillant conducted her, with Frances, to Scarron's, the comic poet, son of a counsellor to the parliament, nephew of the bishop of Grenoble, and much in credit at court. Miss Aubigné, ashamed of being presented with too short a gown, blushed, and wept; the whole assembly were affected at the grace and confusion of Frances; Scarron especially, appeared very sensible of it. Madame Aubigné returned to the house of the poet, which was frequented by the best company, in the hope of finding protectors; but she died, leaving her daughter bereft of all resource. Scarron, being deprived of the use of his limbs at a party of pleasure, proposed marriage to Miss Aubigné; or, if she preferred a convent, to pay her portion. Miss Aubigné accepted Scarron's hand. This poet, of a gay and independant temper, every evening gave suppers that were more amusing than sumptuous. The respect for decorum was not always observed there. Madame Scarron restored it; and knew how to preserve all the agreeableness of society; her conversation was so captivating, that the guests, occupied in hearing her, the greater part of the time, thought not of satisfying their appetites. One day, one of her domestics whispered in her ear—"Madame, another story for these gentlemen; we have scarcely sufficient roast-meat to-day."

Scarron died in 1660, leaving nothing but debts to his widow. Again involved in poverty, Madame Scarron nevertheless refused the hand of the Marquis of C***, because he led a dissolute life. Fouquet, the superintendant of the finances, in vain employed the most brilliant offers to seduce her; and sent her, by an unknown person, a jewel-box of considerable value. Madame Scarron at first regarded the present as a gift of Providence; but, having learnt, some days after, that it came from the superintendant, she sent it him back again. Madame Montchevreuil, touched with the qualities and misfortunes of Madame Scarron, offered her an asylum in her country: she accepted it, and testified her gratitude by employing her-

self with ardour in all the works of her sex which could please her benefactress. The friends of Madame Scarron uselessly solicited of Louis XIV. a pension of 1500 francs, which her husband had enjoyed under a pretence of being the *queen's patient*. She then resolved to leave her country; and to take advantage of the offers of a Princess of Portugal, who was searching for a woman of merit to educate her children. Madame Scarron, before she departed, presented herself to Madame Montespan, and said to her, that she would not reproach herself for having quitted France without having seen the *wonder*. Madame Montespan, flattered by this compliment, engaged her to remain in France; and took upon herself to present a petition to the king in her behalf. How! cried the king, at sight of the petition, still the widow of Scarron; I never hear any thing else spoken of." "In truth, sire," replied Madame Montespan with vivacity, "you ought to have heard her no more spoken of a long time ago. The king granted her a pension of 2000 francs. Madame Scarron went to thank Madame Montespan, who, enchanted with her wit, presented her to the king; and desired that she would accept the place of governess to the Count of Toulouse and Duke of Maine. Madame Scarron did not consent to fill this place till she had received the king's commands.

Louis XIV. did not like Madame Scarron, but he esteemed her, and chose her to conduct the Duke of Maine, born with a deformed foot, to the waters of Barrege. In this journey, the letters that Madame Scarron wrote to the king, and the attachment that the Duke of Maine conceived for his governess, destroyed the prepossessions of Louis XIV. He was passing a day with his son, when, satisfied with his answers, he said to him, "You are very rational." "I must be so," answered the young prince; "I have a governess who is reason itself." "Go," replied the king, "go and tell her, that you give her 100,000 francs for your sugar-plum." Some time after, the king, throwing

his eyes upon the state of the pensions, saw 2,000 francs for Madame Scarron. He crossed them out, and put 2,000 crowns. Madame Scarron bought, in 1674, the estate of Maintenon. The tender care that she took of her pupils inspired the king with confidence; and from confidence he passed to love.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MILTON.

MILTON's third and last wife, who died very old at Nantwich in Cheshire, confirmed the singular anecdote, generally related, of Milton having taught his daughters to read to him in eight different languages, though they understood the English only, Milton often saying, that "one tongue was enough for a woman;" and added, that her husband used to compose his poetry chiefly in the winter, and on his waking in a morning, would make her write down sometimes twenty or thirty verses. Being asked whether he did not often read Homer and Virgil, she understood it as an imputation upon him for stealing from those authors, and answered with eagerness, that he stole from nobody but the muse that inspired him; and being asked by a lady present, who the muse was, she answered, it was God's grace and holy spirit that visited him nightly. She was likewise asked, whom he approved most of our English poets; and answered, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Cowley; and being asked, what he thought of Dryden, she said, Dryden himself often came to visit her husband; but he thought him no poet, only a rhymist. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Richardson, who both knew Milton personally, took notice that he used to dictate his verses as he lay a-bed in a morning; and Phillips in particular confirms that fact remembered by his wife, that his vein never flowed happily, though he courted his fancy ever so much, but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal.

PICK AND CHOOSE;
A TALE FOR BACHELORS.

(Continued from page 206.)

NOVICE as I was in affairs of gallantry, I was not so blind as to remain ignorant that I was rapidly gaining ground in the favour of the female part of Mr. Markham's family. Mrs. Markham herself distinguished me by the encouraging appellation of her "young friend," and not unfrequently accepted my arm, when I accompanied them to any place of amusement. Miss Markham, though to others usually reserved, or satirically petulant, made no scruple of consulting my taste in her choice of books, or employed me in services of some importance to her, such as mending her pens, papering the volumes she wished to take particular care of, packing her parcels, and translating quotations, in all of which it seemed I acquitted myself greatly to her satisfaction. The preference of Caroline was, however, evinced in a less doubtful form; for the languishing glances of her expressive eyes, and the deep-drawn sighs which she occasionally breathed, whenever I happened to walk, or sit with her, unattended by a third person, irresistibly attracted my notice, and awakened my curiosity, though it is probable, I should not, even then, have divined the real cause, had not her sister, with quick-sighted jealousy, penetrated and exposed it by ridiculing the prompt susceptibility of her sister, who, she protested, was always "dying for love of every likely young fellow who came in her way." Though I did not give implicit credit to this piece of information, it served nevertheless to put me on my guard; and I did indeed soon discover, that Caroline, with more sentiment than delicacy, lived only to love and

languish. Still, however, I felt my vanity gratified by being made an object of so much consequence, and, instead of dreading the idea of forming an attachment, as I had hitherto done, began now to think of it with pleasing anticipation, and only apprehended that I should not readily meet with a female answering my fastidious expectations of perfection.

Among the motley group who visited the shop of Mr. Markham, none had engaged my attention, except one young lady, who came about twice a week, in company with a venerable, gray-headed matron, who leaned on her arm for support; they were both plainly dressed, and the former wore a deep black crape veil, which effectually shaded her features from observation. The tones of her voice were mild and impressive; and the old lady seemed invariably guided by the taste of her companion in the selection of the volumes they took away, which were always such as gave me a high opinion of her understanding, while the unassuming modesty and general politeness of her manner, afforded such a striking contrast to that of the pert, consequential misses who frequented the shop, as made me more particularly assiduous in reserving any books which I found she was solicitous to peruse. The quarterly subscription was entered in the name of Mrs. Fludyer, but I could not by any means ascertain whether the young lady was her daughter, or in any degree related to her, as they entered into no conversation, but merely enquired for what they wanted, and then departed. One morning, while they were in the library, Mr. Scrawl, an author, whose works Mr. Markham had occasionally published, came in, and requested an answer relative to his last production. Mr. Markham handed him the manuscript, saying, "I cannot give more than what I mentioned; we can get novels now at any price." "The other five guineas would be no object to you, Mr. Markham," said Scrawl, dejectedly, "while it would bring innumerable comforts to my distressed family." The colour mounted to his cheek as he spoke, and he again laid the manuscript on the counter.

"I assure you," said Markham, "I have offered the full value, and am certain none in the trade will give more; you can try them, if you please." "And while I am waiting for the decision of one and the other, my children may starve," returned Scrawl, reproachfully. "No, sir, I will try no more; you may take it at your own price; but my necessities are pressing, or I would not be so importunate." Markham immediately gave the poor author a check for the sum agreed on; he took it with an air half thankful and half dissatisfied, and departed. The young lady, who had hitherto appeared engrossed with one of the newspapers, no sooner saw him quit the shop than she enquired his name. "It is Mr. Scrawl, madam," said Markham; "a man of considerable abilities, but, like most of his brother geniuses, no favourite with fortune." "You made rather a hard bargain with him, I should think," said she, hesitatingly. "It was against my conscience, I confess," replied Markham, smiling; "for he writes prettily; but the success of these things is very uncertain, and in trade we must do the best we can for ourselves." "He lives in Pentonville, I think; does he not?" "Yes, madam, in — street." "Come, my dear," said Mrs. Fludyer, taking her arm, "we must be gone; you are quite a gossip this morning; I never before knew you so inquisitive about other people's affairs." The young lady made no reply to this remark, but immediately withdrew with her aged friend. The next day, Mr. Scrawl came into the shop; Mr. Markham was not in the way, and I enquired, if he had any commands. "Nothing particular," said he, "you will only please to make my best respects, and tell him, I received the other five guineas, and am much obliged to him; it was of infinite service, of infinite service indeed!" His voice faltered as he spoke, and I saw a tear of gratitude glisten in his eye, as he hurried away. When Mr. Markham came in, I repeated Scrawl's message; he appeared very much surprised, and protested that he had not sent him any money, nor even thought of such a thing. In an instant it struck me, that the young lady had been so parti-

cular in her enquires, that she might generously administer to his necessities.

How endearing is benevolence! I was so enraptured with this convincing proof of the goodness of her heart, that I could not but imagine her beautiful as an angel, though I had never seen her face, except through that hateful covering which allowed me only to trace the outline of features tolerably regular, as far as I could discover.

Yielding to the enthusiastic impulse of the moment, I caught up a pen, and hastily composed a few lines expressive of my feelings, though affording but an humble specimen of poetical genius; such as they were, however, I resolved to offer them warm from the heart, and, having no other mode of conveyance, I placed my little poem in the second volume of the work she was reading, and which I knew she would want the next day. This done, I waited the return of the volume with great anxiety; and no sooner received it, and was secure from observation, than I examined it minutely. To my great joy, my offering had been accepted; for the paper was not there, but on the margin of the page where I had deposited it, was written, in a neat female hand, the following appropriate sentence—"By our estimation of what is laudable in others, we may form a tolerably correct judgment of our own merits." There was so much modesty and propriety in this simple observation, that I could scarcely feel disappointed; for though I had secretly presumed to hope for a more pointed acknowledgment of the compliment my verses meant to convey, I felt that any more particular appropriation of them to herself would have diminished my opinion of her delicacy and good sense. For several days after this, neither Mrs. Fludyer nor her young companion came to the shop; the books were regularly changed by a servant, who, when I enquired, if either of the ladies was ill, replied, that Mrs. Fludyer was as well as usual, but had removed out of the neighbourhood, and found it inconvenient to walk so far. I had now an opportunity of obtaining the address of my fair incognito, and had I been more

experienced in the ways of the town, might have endeavoured to profit by it; but there is something so awful in real modesty, that the most forward coxcomb can scarcely venture to obtrude a single impertinent sally in the presence of a woman, who, by a steady and dignified deportment, commands respect, and I felt convinced, that any attempt which I might make to force myself upon the notice of Mrs. Fludyer, or her fair companion, would be considered by them as presumption and impertinence.

During my residence at Mr. Markham's, I had been occasionally in company with a young man named Elderton; he was a clerk in a mercantile house, and, being related to the Markham's, visited upon familiar terms. He had shewn me many civilities, and frequently rallied me upon the obvious partiality of Caroline. Being naturally unreserved, I communicated to him my real sentiments upon the occasion; he acknowledged, that they coincided with his own; but I was not long in habits of intimacy with him before I discovered, that he was one of those dissipated characters, who, by frequent association with depraved women, form a light and erroneous opinion of the sex in general. He was, however, so gay and pleasing in his manner that he was generally well received, and it was almost impossible to be always on one's guard against the influence of opinion.

I should not, however, have wavered for a moment in the exalted idea I had formed of Miss Fludyer, but for an occurrence as unpleasant in its consequences as unexpected at the commencement, an occurrence which, by raising my vanity to a most preposterous height, brought on me the confusion of defeat and shame. A letter was one day brought to me by the two-penny post, containing these words—"If you are not more insensible than I suspect, you will learn with pleasure, that there is one female who is desirous of your acquaintance, and who flatters herself that she is not wholly unworthy of your notice. Particular circumstances have imposed a reserve foreign to her natural character. If you are inclined to know more of her, be

in the park to-morrow evening at eight o'clock, and on the third seat in the mall, you will find her you seek."

It is almost impossible for me to describe the perturbation I was thrown into by the receipt of this note, so highly flattering to that self-love which certainly formed no inconsiderable part of my composition; and yet so contradictory to the opinion I had hitherto entertained of Miss Fludyer, an opinion which I was still unwilling to relinquish; though this billet, which I doubted not came from her, afforded me a convincing proof, that even *she* could "stoop to conquer."

At tea-time, on the following day, I was invited to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Markham, with their eldest daughter, to a private play; Caroline had excused herself on account of a severe head-ache, and, as there was a ticket to spare, it was offered to me; I made a stammering sort of apology, pretending, that an old school-fellow was just arrived in town, and wished to see me; and though conscious duplicity gave evidence in my looks, Mr. Markham received my apology as a matter of fact, and left me to fulfill my engagement. As soon as they were gone, I flew to my chamber, made such alterations in my dress as I deemed indispensable; and, for the first time in my life, regarded myself with particular complacency; yes! shall I own it? I absolutely fancied myself irresistible!

(To be continued.)

PRAISE.

I WILL not much commend others to themselves; I will not at all commend myself to others. To praise any thus to their faces is a kind of flattery; but to praise myself to any is the height of folly. He that boasts his own praises, speaks ill of himself, and much derogates from his true deserts. It is worthy of blame to affect commendation.

WARWICK'S MEDITATIONS.

A NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,
ADDRESSED TO THE HONOURABLE MISS S ———.

(Continued from page 212.)

LETTER XI.

IMAGINE, dear Charlotte, the most perfect beauty deprived indeed of the bright glow of hope and youth, but rendered a thousand times more touching by the very sadness which obscured its lustre; such was Psyche, when she presented herself an humble suppliant at the feet of Cytherea, who received her with a torrent of reproaches, and enjoined her tasks which it appeared impossible for her to perform. These tasks were of a nature so childishly spiteful, that, lest you should suppose the Goddess of Beauty a fool, I shall pass them over in silence, only observing to you, that Cupid, who always attended invisibly the footsteps of Psyche, brought her through all her difficulties triumphantly. Venus, incensed beyond measure to see her meditated vengeance rendered abortive, projected at last a snare which she thought it impossible for Psycho to escape. She ordered her to descend into the infernal regions, and obtain from Proserpine a box containing a portion of that goddess's beauty,

Astonished as she was at so strange a commission, Psyche had yet the discretion to obey her tormentress without a comment. She set out on her journey almost hopeless of success; but her invisible protector smoothed all difficulties; guided by him, she arrived safely at the palace of Proser-

pine, who delivered to her the box, with a strict charge not to open it. Psyche's curiosity had already cost her so dear that one would suppose she was cured of it for ever; in fact, she thought so herself. Nevertheless, when nearly exhausted with fatigue, she seated herself on a rock in the frightful desert through which she had to return; she could not help wishing to see what was in the box, and even to purloin a part of its contents.

Before you blame the fair plunderer too severely, my Charlotte, reflect upon her motive. "Venus," thought she, "is already the most charming of the immortals; it is almost impossible that her beauty should admit of increase; while I, unfortunate as I am, see every day the few graces which nature bestowed upon me, wither under the affliction I suffer. Oh! if love should one day feel inclined to return to me, would he not gaze with surprize and aversion on those features which grief for his loss has robbed of their charm."

This last reflection determined her. She opened the box; and the moment she did so, a black and noxious vapour issuing from it, surrounded her whole person, and by its soporific effect threw her into a trance, from which she never would have recovered, had not her watchful husband launched, at the moment, one of his arrows at her breast. The wound it inflicted was only skin deep; but it recalled her to existence, which the presence of love rendered once more blissful. Psyche, on opening her eyes, found herself supported by Cupid, who, instantly collecting the vapour, returned it into the box, and, tenderly embracing Psyche, desired her to return with it to his mother, and to console herself with the hope, that her trials were at an end.

While Psyche was concluding her commission, Cupid hastened to Olympus, and, presenting himself before the throne of Jupiter, pleaded his cause so effectually, that the thunderer assembled his council to take into consideration Cupid's request, that his union with Psyche might receive the sanction of the Gods. All the immortals agreed to it except Venus, and her scruples were at length obviated by

Jupiter's proposal to receive Psyche at the celestial court, and also to endow her with immortality and unfading youth. No sooner was the petition of Cupid granted, than he hastened to present to the celestial circle his lovely bride. Their nuptials were immediately celebrated, and shortly afterwards, the birth of a daughter more lovely than Venus herself, gave to the Goddess of Beauty the venerable title of grandmother. This child was the only offspring of Cupid and Psyche ; she is named Voluptuousness.

You will immediately comprehend the beauty of this allegory, my Charlotte, when I tell you that Psyche, in the Greek, signifies soul. She is represented always with butterfly's wings, which, with the Greeks, was emblematic of the soul. When Cupid and Psyche are represented together, he appears as a youth of exquisite beauty, wings are affixed to his shoulders, he wears no band, his eyes are turned tenderly upon Psyche, and his bow and quiver, which lie at his feet, seem to indicate that her charms had deprived him of the wish to make use of them.

Cupid, when represented alone, always appears as a little naked, winged boy, who holds a bow in his hand, and carries a quiver at his back ; sometimes he has a band over his eyes, at others, he is represented as blind.

I have been thus particular in detailing to you the only adventure of any consequence in which the little god ever was engaged, because, although you will not acknowledge it, I know that you are upon the best terms together ; were it otherwise, would he, think you, permit your eyes, your smiles, your every action, in short, to perform the office of his darts ; that he has done so, will be asserted by every one of your male acquaintance, as well as by

Your devoted

CLERMONT.

(To be continued.)

THULEAN FRAGMENTS.

ANDRINA.

ANDRINA sat on the fragment of a rock, which had been separated from the rude coast of one of the Thulean isles; the countenance of this daughter of toil and poverty was beautiful, but sad; curling ringlets of the finest hair thickly shaded the white forehead and full blue eye, where mirth had seldom laughed, and envy never loured. Her small, sun-burnt hand supported a slender wand, with which she caught a number of very small fish, called by the islanders sillics. The father of Andrina had been for many years one of the most fortunate, and one of the happiest of the Thulean peasants. His aged sire, who, with his venerable wife, lived in his cottage, had transmitted to him, from his Norwegian ancestors, an unblemished name, and a few marks* of land. The eldest of his children was a girl remarkable for her beauty; the others, three fine young men, and Andrina, a lovely child, sporting about the knees of her delighted parents. She was much younger than the rest of the children, and from the sweetness of her disposition, was the fondled darling of the whole family. Her sister, Elizabeth, became the victim of a decline; and when the sorrowing relatives consigned her to the grave, Andrina became still more endeared to every individual of this humble, but affectionate circle. Exempted from every species of toil, and nursed with the tenderest solicitude, she grew more delicately beautiful than any of the maidens in the island. An object of interest and ad-

* A Norwegian, or Danish land measure common in Zetland.

miration, even to her superiors, her young heart might soon have become tainted by vanity, had not the salutary lessons of misfortune called into action the dormant virtues of her soul. One dreadful night, her father, her brothers, and two uncles, were lost when out at the fishing. Her mother lingered for five years on the bed of sickness. An artful tacksman, who had fattened on the extravagance of a thoughtless young man, a Thulean laird, inveigled their little property into his own possession; and left Andrina, her dying mother, and the helpless grandsire and grandmother to subsist on the charity of their neighbours. In a small, miserable hut, deprived of all the comforts to which she had been accustomed, Andrina watched with patient sweetness, with unrepining tenderness, by the sick bed of her parent; and exerted herself to support the three helpless beings, who, as they became more infirm and more wretched, became still dearer to her. What buoyed up the spirits of Andrina under these sorrows? An early implanted confidence in the protecting providence of God; and often, amid the gloom of misfortune, the bright beams of illusive love and hope. The lover of Andrina, the respected and worthy young Robert, had gone to Greenland*, to realize a little money, that he might be enabled to fit up a home for the maid he was betrothed to, and for her destitute parents. On his return, before he reached his native place, he had been pressed into the navy. Month after month, for two long painful years, she expected his return. He returned, alas! no more—he fell, unwept, unknown, unhonoured, save by the desolate one whom he had left to mourn his loss in his native isle. She wept for him in secret; she, in the lonely wilderness of her bosom, honoured his memory; for she had known his worth! Another pang wrung the heart of this poor unfortunate; her

* Numbers of young men, and sometimes those advanced in years, go from Zetland with the Greenland fleet, which stops at Lerwick, to employ themselves in the whale fishery.

mother, worn out by want and suffering, breathed her last sigh in the arms of her child.

"Oh! my God! take me also!" she exclaimed in the bitterness of grief; but her grandfather and grandmother, in the extreme helplessness of old age, met her tearless eyes, and moistened them with the salutary drops that gave some relief to her struggling soul. For their sakes, she combated with her feelings, and in a great measure overcame them. In the voer* and hearst*, she laboured for the neighbouring peasants, who rewarded her with a small donation from their own scanty stock of corn, potatoes, fish, oil, wool, &c. In the dark and dreary nights of the long northern winter, she spun and knit; in the mild evenings of its short beautiful summer, she took her booddy† and fishing wand, and repaired to the sea-shore to procure a supper of sillics for her grandfather and grandmother, who always welcomed her return with effusions of grateful love, and many a fervently uttered blessing. Thus she passed the blameless tenor of her days. The tint of beauty had faded for ever on her now sun-browned cheeks; the laughing lustre of youth and hope had fled from her blue eyes; the dull apathy attendant on disappointment and sorrow had matted the neglected clusters of her beautiful curls, and toil had bent the fine form of Andrina ere she had entered her twenty-fourth year.

On a large fragment of rock, which the sea overflowed at high water, Andrina sat. It was a beautiful summer evening. The sun, which can hardly be said to set at all at this season, still painted the skies, and the smooth surface of the ocean, with the golden colours of his evening beams; the lark still carrolled in the sky, and the wild-flowers which grew in the clefts of the rocks, and enlivened the green banks above, scented the air with the sweetest per-

* Spring time and harvest.

† Booddy is a rude kind of basket in which the Zetlanders carry their fish.

fume. Her arms moved mechanically in an occupation which habit had rendered familiar, but her thoughts were differently employed; while her eyes wandered over the ocean, whose unseen, unsearched abysses contained the bones of her father, her brothers, and her uncles, she dared, in the wild wanderings of imagination, to draw aside that awful and mysterious veil which conceals the dead, and the concerns of the dead, from the eyes of the living. The troubled waters of life passed over, the dark valley of death travelled through, she landed, in the dream of fancy, on that blessed shore,

“ Where num’rous mansions stand,
And glory manifold abides
Through all the happy land.”

The boats of the fishermen, as they went homewards, disturbed for a time her meditations. The careless laugh of the men, as the boats passed her, recalled her thoughts from the regions of immortality to sublunary scenes, and brought more forcibly to mind what her relations and her lover actually were, and what they had been while yet spared to her, while yet they lived to ardently and faithfully love her, and be beloved. The boats were all gone by—every sound was hushed—the deepest twilight shades of a Thulean summer night were falling slowly on every object, and veiling them in a sad and softened gloom; while a dewy shower stole silently through the hushed air. For a while the melancholy soul of the maid, held, in the airy regions of imagination, communion with her departed lover. For a while the sweet vision lasted; then faded away like the rainbow in the misty heavens. She arose suddenly to return to her lonely dwelling of sorrow, but the waters had risen imperceptibly, and now entirely surrounded the isolated piece of rock on which she stood. Still, even in wretchedness, the love of life throbs at the human breast—still, desolate as she was, the venerable figures of her grandfather and grandmother came with a gush of tenderness over her soul, as she looked fearfully on the deepening

waters between her and the shore ; as she listened with fast increasing anguish for the sound of an oar, for the dear, welcome voice of a fellow creature—Alas! none reached her ear—no sound broke the dreary silence, but the hollow wind, which, suddenly rising, curled the blue waves towards the coast, and dashed them over the knee of the despairing maid.—The shriek of death mingled with the fast-rising storm.—In the morning, the pale corse of Andrina was washed on shore, immediately below the hut of her grandfather and grandmother!——* * *

* * * * *

Note.—This summer there was pointed out to me, in the parish of Coningsberg, Zetland, the rock, at a place called Helleness, where a melancholy accident of this nature, not many years since, occurred. The young woman, of the name of Robertson, was, as is usual with the Zetland women, sitting on this isolated rock fishing for sillics. Some one who was with her, left the place, entreating her to follow, as the tide was coming in, and the wind rising. She promised to follow; but not appearing, her family grew uneasy, and her father went to look for her. On reaching the spot, the distracted parent saw his child perish, without being able to give, or procure her the least assistance, the place being such that no boat could get to her; and, as the wind had increased to a storm, no one could attempt to save her from the shore without rushing on certain destruction.

ORA.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN I see leaves drop from the trees, in the beginning of Autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world; whilst the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swam in abundance; but in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

WARWICK'S MEDITATIONS.

A MYSTERY DEVELOPED;

OR, THE

SECRET HISTORY OF THE COUNTESS OF CAMBRIA.

(Continued from page 220.)

CHAP. V.

IN order to accomplish her purpose, she feigned the most extravagant attachment to the Countess, who listened with pleasure to her lively descriptions of English manners as they were at that period, and, by almost imperceptible degrees, her ladyship insinuated that the proposed union was acquiesced in by the Earl, not only with coldness, but reluctance.

Perceiving the trembling agitation with which the Countess listened to intelligence at once so unexpected and unwelcome, her ladyship affected to blame herself for having been inadvertently led to the disclosure of it. "But, madam," continued she, "no consideration should have tempted me to do so, were I not conscious that the Earl's disposition and habits are such, that, without much management, even you, lovely as you are, may fail of securing his heart.

The agonized Caroline looked the enquiry which her faltering tongue refused to utter, and Lady Delafind proceeded—

"To the great misfortune of the Earl, he has hitherto had always reason, in affairs of the heart, to say, as Cæsar did on a different occasion,

I came, I saw, I conquered.

This excessive easiness has disgusted him with the sex, and rendered it in a great measure difficult to attach him.

Your actual situation puts it out of your power to give him real difficulties to conquer; but I am persuaded, that a few imaginary ones would greatly assist you in the difficult task of subduing his heart. If you could for a short time prevail upon yourself to behave to him with apparent indifference, and by giving free scope to your natural vivacity, convince him that your heart is still in your own possession, I have no doubt that you would soon succeed in inspiring him with those ardent sentiments which your excessive sensibility convinces me it is absolutely necessary for your happiness that your husband should feel.

Lady Delafind was well skilled in the human heart, and she would not have ventured to propose so wild a plan, had she not perceived that the Countess was naturally romantic. Alas! this failing, though too often the bane of happiness, is one from which few amiable females are, in the early part of life, exempt; but her ladyship had calculated too much upon its influence, when she supposed, that the Countess would have fallen readily into her snare. The native artlessness, the thorough ingenuousness of Caroline, led her to shrink from the proposal with a mingled feeling of terror and dislike, and she positively refused to present herself in any other than her natural character to her destined husband.

Had the ill-fated Caroline but persevered in her refusal, what years of misery would she have been spared; but, alas! she had to do with no common tempter. Her ladyship seemingly acquiesced in the reasons which she gave for declining so wild and hazardous an experiment; but she returned again and again to the charge, nor did she abandon it till she had succeeded in drawing from her victim a reluctant consent to adopt the proposed measure, though at the same moment, her heart and her reason were equally against it. Had not the heart of the Countess been free from all guile, she must have been struck with the exultation which sparkled in the eyes of Lady Delafind at the moment in which she consented to her ladyship's plan. Scarcely indeed could the malignant being conceal the

transport with which she saw the unconscious innocent entangled in her snare. The time had now arrived in which Caroline was about to bid farewell to her parents and her country. Who can speak the bitterness of her sensations, when she found herself folded, as she supposed for the last time, to the bosom of a mother whom she adored; but when her noble father, in a voice which he vainly strove to render firm, invoked the choicest blessings of heaven on her head, a sad presentiment that the pious prayer was breathed in vain, wholly overcame her, and, with a deep sigh, she sank senseless in the arms of her attendants.

Her father took advantage of this temporary insensibility, to shorten the pangs of separation; and when the Countess revived, she found herself supported by Lady Delafiend, and surrounded by her attendants only.

Her welcome in England was equally cordial and sincere. The nation exulted in the hope, that her charms and virtues would fix the hitherto wandering heart of the Earl. The Duke, who traced in her interesting countenance the perfect resemblance of a sister whom he fondly loved, regarded her with the affection of a father; and every member of his united and happy family vied with each other in demonstrating the pleasure with which they viewed the alliance.

Nor was the Earl himself insensible of her charms; his heart acknowledged, that, amidst the blaze of beauty, by which his senses had been so often bewildered, he had never beheld a countenance so touching, so interesting, as her's. Lady Delafiend sickened at the evident admiration with which he viewed her; and it required all her art and address to conceal her jealous rage.

The limits which I have prescribed to myself, will not allow me to trace her through all the windings of that diabolical plan to which the happiness of the illustrious pair was eventually sacrificed; suffice it to say, that the Earl's pride was so piqued by the apparent indifference with which the Countess, in consequence of the reiterated suggestions of Lady Delafiend, continued to treat him, that the partiality,

with which he had at first viewed his wife, was nipped in the bud, partly by his belief in her indifference, and partly by the malignant artifice of her rival, who took every opportunity of painting the hapless Caroline in colours the most unamiable.

Nor did she stop there; I have before observed, that the guarded propriety of her deportment had obtained for her the notice of the Duchess; it was impossible for that illustrious lady, who was herself the happiest of wives, to be long blind to the coldness evident in the behaviour of the Earl and Countess to each other. The first thought of the Duchess was to interrogate her daughter-in-law; fortunate, most fortunate would it have been, had she done so; but, recollecting that Lady Delafind was much with the Countess, thinking that she could rely on her prudence, and being persuaded that she was sincerely attached to her family, the Duchess deferred speaking to the Countess till she had had some conversation on the subject with Lady Delafind.

This was more than her ladyship had calculated on, never indeed had she dared to hope for an opportunity of pouring her venomd slander into the ear of the august Duchess; but she was too politic to let the rancorous joy which filled her heart be visible. She affected the greatest reluctance to reply to the Duchess's questions, and when she was at length so closely pressed, that she could no longer evade answering them, she contrived by looks, gestures, and half sentences, which appeared to escape her involuntarily, to impress her with a most unfavourable opinion of the Countess.

(To be continued.)

LAVATER

SAYS, The most abhorred thing in nature is, the face that smiles abroad, and flashes fury when it returns to the lap of a tender, helpless family.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE ORIGIN AND INTENT OF MARRIAGE.

MAN was created as a social, not a solitary creature, and the omniscient Power that formed him for that purpose, has not only implanted in him a natural tendency and inclination to the society of his fellow-creatures, but has fixed another latent quality in his heart, the effects of which are seen every moment, though the cause is sometimes disallowed, which universally pleads for the participation of gladness; and will not suffer him to enjoy any thing truly till a friend is rejoiced with the knowledge of it.

It is on this first principle that community is founded. Man finds it necessary to share with another the joys his own private occurrences bring him; intimacy succeeds to a mutual confidence of this kind, and to intimacy, friendship. Such is the first association among men; and from a number of such associations, mutually inclined to extend the bounds of the relation, rises community. What gave origin to the general union, still keeps, however, its pristine rank and dignity: friendship allows social benevolence a high place in the list of the good and useful effects to which it gives birth; but it keeps itself at an awful distance above, and would think the man guilty of treason to its nature, who attempted to confound it with the other, or to raise so humble an imitator to its level. On so natural, so necessary, so amiable, a basis is friendship founded; so just are its pretensions to our private acknowledgments, and to the esteem of the world. So desirable, indeed, is it in its nature, that it were scarce to live as men without it; so intimately and essentially is it connected with our happiness of every kind, that he whose surly soul denies it a place, is mistaken when he supposes he is capable of

true satisfaction. That man may make a happy friendship with man, is hourly evident; and that such friendship may continue inviolable is possible; but it is with woman that we are formed for carrying this amiable association to its utmost height; and it is with woman alone that nature has contrived that it should, and that reason assures us it will, be lasting. Men have ten thousand pursuits and views in which they may interfere with one another; ten thousand objects are formed for equally affecting both, and for equally engaging the interests, the wishes, nay, the very passions of either; and where these clash, what is to become of friendship? The success of one or two in an attempt, instead of giving to the other that joy which friendship exacts, shall often separate them for ever; or a common mistress shall draw their swords against each other's breasts. Whoever understands the least part of the value of friendship would wish it to last for ever; whoever knows the least of human nature, will see that a duration of this kind, in such intimacy, is not to be expected. Where the same kind of union, indeed, is commenced with a person of the other sex, there is no one of all these causes to threaten its dissolution; there are no views that can interfere, no pursuits that can create animosity, or rivalry; the thoughts are as much united as the inclinations, and the interests as connected as the hearts. Reason dictates to us to seek the perpetuity of that in which we have delight; and the same reason tells us, that the sum and source, as it were, of all delights, is friendship. What then does it point out to us, but to engage our hearts where a mutual warmth is most sure to meet them; and where, so long as virtue influences our actions, no accident can part them? Reason, therefore, as well as inclination, points out to us to take to our bosoms one select acquaintance, and to engage our hearts where ties of a tender kind will endear the union. Such is the origin, such the intent, and such the effect of marriage; an institution under which woman becomes as certainly (unless vice and folly prevent) the supreme happiness of him who possesses her, as, under the unrestrained licen-

tiousness of the libertine, she is the ruin of him by whom she was herself undone. There is not a more unhappy mistake in the economy of the generality of the world, than that universal opinion of the dissolute, that the pleasure of woman is in the variety. What is love in its most exalted form, in the friendship I have been recommending, descends, under these circumstances, into a passion which we pay the brutes an ill compliment to suppose we enjoy in common with them; "only the brute of reason has it," and he scarce ever fails to meet from it his destruction. Pleasure is unquestionably the end we have in view in all pursuits of this kind, and it is rational and laudable that it should be so; but nothing is more certain than that those who set out in the search of it on these wild principles, never find it. I defy the most successful libertine to tell me, that he ever once thought the purchase, in the morning, worth the price or the pains it had cost him over night; or that he even esteemed the face he had deified the day before other than distasteful, and even contemptible upon the morrow. This is the natural, the necessary effect of taking the person without the inclinations; of rushing on love unconnected with friendship. On the other hand, I am apt to believe, that he who had first won the heart of the object of his adoration, has never failed to find that additional charm converting joy into rapture; ennobling friendship with what is truly, properly, and only love.

Soho.

SANGRADO.

GOOD NATURE.

IN true good nature there is neither the acrimony of spleen, nor the sullenness of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither easy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender sensibility; a participation of the pains and pleasures of others, and is therefore a forcible and constant motive to communicate happiness, and alleviate misery.

ASTARTE;

A SICILIAN TALE, WITH OTHER POEMS, BY THE AUTHOR OF
"MELANCHOLY HOURS."

THE multiplicity of trash daily heaped upon the public under the dignified title of poetry, renders it something like a matter of consolation to meet with even that secondary species of merit which has hitherto passed only as *tolerable*; and where we may have nothing particularly to applaud, it is now almost sufficient to content us, if we have nothing particularly to censure. The volume before us possesses at least this latter recommendation, did we judge it only by its defects; and may therefore be well supposed to claim, in several instances, a more favourable award than so poor and negative a praise. *Astarté*, the principal piece in the collection, has many pleasing and animated passages, especially those of a descriptive nature. The versification throughout, though varied into all sorts of measures, according to the present fashionable mode of writing, (for there is a fashion even in poetry!) is uniformly correct; and were it not for the abrupt transitions peculiar to this novel style of composition, we might add, uniformly smooth and harmonious. The story itself has little originality either as to plot, incident, or construction; and whatever willingness we feel to encourage talent and modesty, our impartiality compels us to notice, as a leading fault, that in the perusal of this tale, we are continually reminded of something we have read before. It is of beauties, however, not of imperfections, that we are chiefly reminded, therefore we are induced to tolerate it the more freely; but how much nobler is it for a writer of genius to exist in a creation of his own, to trust to the powers of his own mind, and to the capriciousness of his own ideas, than to follow in the beaten track of another because it has been trod with success, and to limit his fame and his merit by confining himself to that which perhaps he could excell,

or imitating that which perhaps he cannot equal. Our approaches to the sphere of a splendid luminary should always be very guarded. An inferior light, opposed to the rays of the sun, loses even its own lustre.

The minor poems are entitled to commendation. They are not striking, but they are frequently above, and never below, mediocrity. The following extract, forming the commencement of *Astarté*, may be considered a fair specimen of the work in general; which, as the production of "a young and inexperienced female," certainly does honour to her abilities, and proves, what indeed has often been proved before, that neither sex nor age determines the possession of talent.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

The glowing fires of sultry day,
The twilight dews have wept away;
And lightly now the playful breeze,
Kisses the blossom'd orange trees,
In Val-Demona's fertile groves,
Where many a charmed wanderer roves,
To listen to the tender tale,
Told by the wakeful nightingale.
The cooling sound of waters flowing,
The fragrant breath of roses blowing,
And ev'ry sweet, and ev'ry flow'r,
That soothes the sense or charms the eye,
All, all unite, with magic pow'r,
To fill the soul with extacy.

II.

And evening's crimson curtain closes
O'er hearts where love and hope beat high;
And cheeks whose blushes shame the roses,
That bloom in gay profusion nigh.
It is Love's own, all-lovely hour,
And many a young Sicilian maid
Hears through the lattice of her bow'r
The gently-warbled serenade.

And many a blushing beauty flies,
Attracted by the magic strain,
(When did such warblings plead in vain?)
To listen to a lover's sighs.
Oh! when Love breathes o'er Music's strings,
When his bright eyes with rapture glisten,
When his warm lip of passion sings,
Where is the maid who would *not* listen?
And these the strains that wildly rung,
From many a moonlight minstrel's tongue,
While echo caught the fairy tone,
That o'er the lute was sweetly sighing,
(Like summer gales on rose-beds dying)
And made each magic note her own.

ON FLATTERY.

TRUTH is changed by the lying of flattery; and hid by silence; but it is oftener in our power to distinguish it both in one and in the other. For there is always something true even in flattery; and silence has its language. S. Jérôme has somewhere said on this subject, *silentium loquens*, a speaking silence. To understand what can be true in flattery, we have only to distinguish between the precise meaning of the expressions and the thoughts that they give us an opportunity of reading in the minds of those who make use of them. There is no truth in the precise meaning of the expressions of flatterers, since we here take the term flattery for false praise. So that those on whom we bestow praise must neither conclude, that they really possess those qualities which are attributed to them, nor that there are people who believe they do; but only that these qualities are praiseworthy in themselves, and that it is to be wished that they had them; that is to say, that they may learn thereby, not what they are, but what they should be.

This is the reflection that a father of the church makes upon the praise that Cicero gives to Cesar of forgetting nothing but injuries. "What Cicero said to Cesar," observes S. Augustin, "was either great praise, or great flattery; if it were praise, he must have believed that

Cesar was so in reality ; and if it were flattery, he thereby shewed that he who commands a state should have the qualities that he falsely attributed to Cesar." (*S. Augustin*, p. 138, n. 16.)

The flatterer not only does not believe what he says, but he supposes more, that he whom he flatters is dupe enough to suffer himself to be deceived by his flattery, and to take it for sincere praise. In fine, as it is from interest, and not from inclination, that we are induced to flatter, and as we only make use of it as a means to obtain from the great what we want of them, flatterers must judge that those to whom they give false praise are sufficiently fond of themselves, to suffer themselves to be won by this deceit ; insomuch, that if all that is in the mind of a flatterer were developed and expressed, it might be reduced to this strange compliment—

"Do not imagine, sir, that I believe any of those praises that my mouth has just uttered ; I have all the contempt for you that you merit ; but as I know that you are sufficiently vain to believe that the sentiments of esteem which I testify for you are in my heart ; and that your extreme self-love will incline you to grant me the favours that I am ambitious of, in order to obtain them, I have thought of employing means, which, so far from having such an effect, ought to deprive me of them.

That is what the great might see in the minds of the major part of the people who praise them, if they could join to the expressions of these flatterers what they might know of their thoughts. But as that would incommode them, they do not prefer being so penetrating, and dwell upon the semblance of words.

The language of silence consists of thought : silence even makes known the minds of those who hold their tongues by certain considerations. For example, when we avoid speaking of certain failings before great persons, it proves that we believe them subject to them, and that we are afraid lest they should take to themselves what we should say concerning them.



EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR APRIL, 1818.

THE measures of the present administration have been so uniformly and so servilely adopted during a long session of parliament, that it is a novel and unexpected event to find the House asserting its independance, consulting the true interests of the people, and leaving the ministry in a minority. From whatever cause, it is a subject of exultation, that a sense of duty should have once more revived among them; for if we suppose, that the approaching dissolution of parliament has for the moment outweighed the influence of the court,—this is a tacit reproach on themselves, and an acknowledgement, that this is the line of conduct they ought, and would have pursued, had it not clashed with their own private interests, in order to secure the good opinion and confidence of their constituents; and therefore it is an assumption of virtue, taken up for a particular purpose, which, if viewed in its right light, may be made subservient to the public good; and it is to be hoped will be manifested on other occasions. The present state of the country certainly demands the most serious attention; and, however desirable it may be to preserve the dignity of the Royal Family, it would be unjust to increase the splendour of their establishments, without reflecting, that it must add to the distress of an over-burthened people. Though this measure may be thought of ungraciously by the princes, it is one of the wisest of the present session; for it is impossible to separate the interests of the prince and the people; nor to consult the welfare of the one without consulting the welfare of the other. We therefore rejoice that Lord Castlereagh's proposition, in the House of Commons, on

the 15th inst. for adding £19,500 to the income of the Duke of Clarence on his marriage to the Princess of Saxe-Meningen, and £10,000 to the income of the Duke of Cambridge, on his marriage to the Princess of Hesse, and £12,000 each to the Duke of Kent and Duke of Cumberland, on the like occasion, making a total of £55,000 per annum, with an outfit of £55,000, was negatived. The first grant to the Duke of Clarence was very properly reduced to £6,000; which the Duke has since declined, with the intended alliance. £6,000 was voted to the Duke of Cambridge; and £6,000 to the Princess of Hesse, in case she survive the Duke; £6,000 to the Duke of Kent, and £6,000 to the Princess, in case she survive him; the grant to the Duke of Cumberland was lost, but £6,000 was voted for the Duchess, in case of her survival. In the course of the debate, it was suggested, that as their Majesties had saved immense sums from their splendid income, and the Windsor establishment, the Queen's and the two Princess's incomes, with the King's privy purse, amounted to £264,000 per ann. the Queen might well portion off the junior branches of her family.

On Tuesday night, the 7th inst. the marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth, third daughter of their Majesties, with Prince Philip Augustus Frederick, the Hereditary Prince of Hesse Hombourg, took place at the Queen's Palace, in the splendid saloon; where an altar was fitted up under the throne erected for the marriage of the Princess Charlotte; the whole was covered with crimson velvet ornaments, with gold lace, and the gold sacramental plate from the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and Whitehall Chapel; part of which is very ancient, having belonged to King William. At eight o'clock her Majesty, with the different branches of the Royal Family, took their stations according to their rank. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London appeared at the altar. Every thing being properly arranged for the ceremony, the Lord Chamberlain introduced his Serene High-

ness, between the Dukes of Clarence and Kent. He was dressed in his General's uniform, and wore several of his Orders. The Lord Chamberlain then introduced her Royal Highness, who was conducted to the altar by the Dukes of Clarence and Kent. The Duke of York appeared to give her away, the Prince Regent not being able to attend on account of indisposition. As soon as the ceremony was concluded, the event was announced by a discharge of 41 pieces of cannon. The Tower guns were also discharged. A number of distinguished characters attended upon the occasion, and presented their congratulations to the Queen. The bride and bridegroom left the Palace soon after nine o'clock, for the Prince Regent's Cottage at Windsor, where they will spend the honeymoon.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer opened his budget on the 20th; and by his new financial plan for supplying the deficiency of £.14,000,000 in the revenue for the past year, creates a 3½ per cent. fund for his new Loan, and takes the interest on the additional stock from the Sinking Fund. A Bill for regulating the circulation of Country Bank Notes under the value of £.5; the Poor Laws' Bill; and the Parish Vestry Bill; are in progress through the House.

The Appeal of Murder against Abraham Thornton was terminated on the 20th inst. after a long and patient investigation. The counsel for the appellor, not having any fresh evidence to adduce, the judges on the bench declared, that they had no power to bring him to any other trial than that of *waging battle*, however averse they were to the obsolete law of the land, as it now stands, and, if that were not accepted, must let him go *sine die*. This cause has excited great interest; the court has been crowded to excess on each hearing; and Thornton seemed much elated at the decision; but the public were so indignant, that they were obliged to let him out by a private entrance. For an interesting Memoir and Portrait of Mary Ashford, the unfortunate victim of lust and cruelty,

with an explanation of the obsolete law of appeal, we refer our readers to our work for the month of March last. The Attorney General has given notice of a motion on the Appeal of Murder in the House of Commons; and this obsolete law will no doubt ere long be repealed.

At Lancaster Assizes, Miss Mary Alice Orford, of Liverpool, brought an action against T. B. Cole, Esq. of Kirkland Hall, for breach of promise of marriage. The lady, who is 29 years of age, and described of artless manners and great beauty, was the daughter of a surgeon, of much respectability and considerable property; the defendant is in his 21st year, and the son of a Searcher of the Customs at Liverpool, but within a few years had become possessed of £5,000 per annum by the death of an uncle. The parties were distantly related. It appeared that the defendant paid his addresses to Miss Orford for two months, promised her marriage, and wedding dresses were provided; when, on a sudden, he ceased all correspondence, without assigning the least cause; and married the daughter of Mr. Grimshaw, an attorney. The Jury brought in their verdict—damages Seven Thousand Pounds!

The accounts from France contain a financial report of a deficit of 270 millions of fr. which they attribute to the vast expence of the army of occupation. The trial of Madame Manson and others, for the murder of M. Fauldes, continues to excite the greatest interest.

Intelligence has been received from America, that the Expatriation Bill, introduced for the purpose of legalizing the entrance of natives of the United States into the service of the Spanish Independants, was rejected on the 4th ult.

In Spain, the war with America is very unpopular; and the resources of the country are so much drained as to render them, we hope, unequal to the subjugation of the South American Patriots.

The Rajah of Berar, one of the most powerful of the Mahratta chiefs, has taken arms against the subsidiary force established in his dominions, which is an indirect

declaration of war against the Company; and there is every reason to believe that Scindia and Holkar are united with the Berar and the Peishwa. The forces under the Marquis of Hastings, and those commanded by General Hislop, were approaching each other in opposite directions towards the Pindaree association; and no doubt was entertained of their success. This revolt of the Indian chiefs is attributed to the interference of the missionaries with their religious worship; no sect being more firmly fixed in their faith than the followers of Braman.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Wednesday the 1st inst. Miss Cubit appeared for the first time at this theatre in the character of Lucy, in *The Beggar's Opera*:—She sung with much taste; and several of her songs were encored;—her personification of the part was too tame; but this is a fault she will easily correct when it is become familiar to her.

A new after-piece called *The Sleeping Draught*, was performed the same evening. The plot of this piece is highly farcical, and the dialogue in general sprightly. Mr. Harley and Mrs. Hughes exerted themselves very successfully; the first as an intriguing valet, and the last as a lady's-maid, who promote the union of their master and mistress, attached to each other, contrary to the wishes of their parents. The piece was received with loud applause; and announced for repetition without a dissenting voice.

On Wednesday the 8th inst. Miss Kelly returned to this theatre; and appeared as Lucy in the *Beggar's Opera*; on her entrance, the pit rose, and gave her three cheers.

She has since appeared in that beautiful melo-drame, *The Falls of Clyde*. Her acting is ever natural, simple, and affecting.

On Monday the 13th inst. Mr. Kean re-appeared at this theatre in his favourite character of Richard, after a short absence to Aberdeen in Scotland.

On Friday the 24th inst. *The Jew of Malta*, altered from Marlow, was revived at this theatre. The principal character in the piece, like the Shylock of Shakspeare, was written to incite a popular aversion to the Jews; and on Barabas the interest almost exclusively rests. His actions originate in revenge for having had all his wealth confiscated to pay the Turkish tribute, and are a tissue of unmingled horror, atrocity, and malignity, till, in the climax of his crimes, he becomes the victim in the end of one of his own hellish devices. The play has undergone very few alterations; the incident of poisoning a convent of nuns with a pot of rice is omitted; but the death of his daughter Abigail, whom the fond father in the original suffers to perish with the rest, remains unaccounted for. The tragedy was received with applause, and given out for repetition. Kean, in the Jew, performed with his usual ability; there were a few fine touches, and many vigorous bursts, but the leading passion is not marked with sufficient strength and continuity to display this actor's talents to advantage.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Saturday the 11th inst. Mr. Braham re-appeared at this theatre for the first time this season, in *Count Belino*, in the *Devil's Bridge*; and was received on his entrance with those unequivocal marks of admiration which his fine musical powers entitle him to. *Rosalvina*, by Miss Stephens, was, as usual, one rich unbroken flood of harmony: she was received throughout with distinguished applause.

A new farce, entitled, *Who's my Father?* was produced on Monday the 13th inst. The merit of this piece consists solely in situation. Mr. Liston, who personated a servant, and was afterwards supposed to be a Lord, gave effect to many points of the dialogue, which, though they owed much to his extraordinary humour, owed perhaps still more to the extraordinary predicament in which he was placed when he uttered them. Upon a few materials, the author has constructed a light, agreeable, little drama, which is as much as can be fairly demanded from those who write for the day, and write in that class of composition which never contemplates posterity. The piece was well received, and is likely to live its day, and expire.

On Wednesday the 22d inst. a new tragedy was presented at this theatre, called *Bellamira; or, The Fall of Tunis*; written by Mr. Shiel, the author of the *Apostate*, and *Adelaide*. The story is interesting, and the dialogue animated. In some respects, the plot bears a strong resemblance to that of the *Apostate*. Amurat (Macready) is a second Count Pescara, and Manfredi (C. Kemble) strongly reminds us of the apostate lover. It was highly applauded throughout, with the exception of the last scene in the fourth act, which, from its length, excited some slight marks of disapprobation. The Prologue was spoken by Mr. Connor, and the Epilogue was delivered with much taste by Miss Brunton. The piece was announced for repetition.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Mrs. Isaacs, the admired authoress of "*Tales of To-Day*," "*Ella St. Laurence*," &c. &c. has a Romance in the press, which will appear early in May next.

Mrs. Richardson is translating from the French of Madame de Sousaz, the interesting tale of *EUGENIE ET MATILDE, ou Memoires de la Famille de Mons. de Revell*.

In the press, *NIGHT-MARE ABBEY*, by the author of "*Headlong Hall*."



Morning & Evening Fashionable Dresses for May

See May, 1882, by Davis & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR MAY, 1818.

THE MORNING DRESS.

A SPRIGGED muslin robe, lined with pale blue sarsnet; it is made up to the neck with a small collar, which stands out from the throat; the back is full, the fronts are tight to the shape, and the waist is very short. It is trimmed with broad pointed lace, set on very full; the trimming goes round the bottom, up the fronts, and round the collar; a double row of it ornaments the shoulder, and forms a pretty epaulette. The long sleeve, which is rather loose, is finished at the wrist to correspond. A pointed lace ruff is always worn with this dress. Head-dress, a lace cap, tied with a lappet under the chin; the crown, which is very low, is ornamented with a wreath of small artificial flowers; an azure blue fillet goes round the head, and a lace border is set on very full. White kid gloves and shoes. We have seldom seen in a morning dress such a happy union of novelty, richness, and simplicity, as this one affords.

DINNER, OR CARRIAGE DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of Marie Louise silk; it is cut moderately low round the bust; the back is plain; the front is elegantly ornamented with white silk trimming, of which there are three rows placed across the bust; each row is ornamented next to the shoulder by a white silk tassel, and in the centre of the bust by a button. The waist is very short, as is also the top sleeve, which is full, and finished at the bottom by a *chevaux de frise* trimming of lace. Long under sleeve of white lace, with a narrow lace ruffle. The skirt is of a moderate length; it is

trimmed round the bottom with three rows of *chevaux de frise* lace, set on very full, and at some distance from each other. The hair is dressed in full curls on the temples, and fastened up behind in bows. Coral necklace and bracelets. This dress forms a most elegant carriage costume with the addition of a cachemire shawl, thrown round the shoulders, and the bonnet which we have given in our print; it is composed of white *gros de Naples*; the crown is low, the brim broad in the middle, but gradually sloping narrower at the ears; it is richly trimmed with blond, and ornamented with a bunch of exotics placed at one side. Gloves and shoes, white kid.

The principal novelty of the present month appears to be in the morning costume, for which muslin is universally adopted; the one which we are about to describe, is, in our opinion, a remarkably neat and simple dishabille.

A cambric muslin slip, finished at the bottom with a broad flounce of work, above which is a row of soft muslin Spanish puffs let in. Over this is worn a cambric muslin robe, something shorter than the slip, the corners are rounded in front, and it wraps considerably over to the left side. The body, which is loose, is confined to the waist by a cord and tassels; it is made up to the throat, and has a high standing collar composed of strips of muslin puckered in a byas direction, with letting-in-lace between. Long sleeve, very full at the upper part of the arm, but nearly tight at the wrist. The part which falls over the hand is finished by three rows of rich narrow work. The robe is flounced all round with rich worked trimming, which is set on in a very novel manner; the part which forms the flounce is pointed, and the work is very deep; the other side is pointed also, and slightly worked round the edge; it is fluted on the dress; the fluting is about a nail in breadth, and about an inch is left for the heading.

We have been favoured also with the sight of an evening dress, of a simple and elegant form, which is particularly adapted for young ladies. It is composed of

British net, and worn over a white satin, or sarsnet slip; the bottom of the skirt is ornamented with a broad band of byas white satin, above which is placed a broad net flounce, set on in a wave; this flounce is slightly embroidered at the edge in a narrow running pattern of leaves in green chenille; a corkscrew roll of narrow white satin riband conceals the tacking on of the flounce. A plain frock body, with a short full sleeve; the bust and the bottom of the sleeve finished with quillings of blond. A white satin body, cut very low behind, and sloped down at each side of the bosom, so as just to meet at the bottom of the waist, is worn over the net one; it is embroidered all round, and likewise round each arm-hole to correspond with the flounce.

Sarsnet pelisses are in universal estimation for the promenade, as are also plain and figured silk and satin spencers; among the latter, the most elegant are those composed of green satin, with an epaulette and collar of white satin. Both pelisses and spencers continue to be made tight to the shape, and short in the waist.

Straw and Leghorn are the materials most in favour for walking bonnets; the crowns of which have been gradually decreasing for some time past; the most fashionable are now very low indeed. The brims are very large; some meet under the chin, others have a piece joined on at the ears, which goes behind, and shields the back of the neck.

COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

SPENCERS still continue to be worn for the promenade; but walking dresses, composed of plain and figured sarsnet and cambric muslin, are also considered very fashionable; these are made what is called three quarters high; they are trimmed round the bottom of the skirt with a piece of the same material, laid on very broad, and *bouillonné* with silk cord, which also corresponds in colour. The body is made plain, and tight to the shape; it is striped with silk cord. Plain long sleeve,

finished at the hand with small *bouillons*, and a half sleeve to correspond with the skirt.

Clear muslin round dresses begin to be much in favour both for dinner dress and for social evening parties; they are finished round the bottom with three flounces of the same material quilled in large plaits. The body is cut low, the back loose, the front slopes down on each side of the bosom, so as to display an under front either of rich work or white satin; the muslin ones are disposed either in tucks, or else tucked with narrow white satin riband. The bosom is trimmed with rich narrow lace. The sleeves, if long, are looped on the shoulder with white satin bows, and finished at the wrist with lace; if short, they are very full, and have two rows of lace at the bottom.

The favourite *chapeaux* are made of crape, *Gros de Naples*, and white straw; but the newest of all, both in form and material, are those composed of cotton; these are platted like straw, and it is only upon a very close examination that they can be distinguished from the finest straw. The crowns of these hats are of an oval shape, and remarkably low; the brims very deep; one side of the face is quite shaded by the brim, the other side of it is divided into a kind of double front, one part of which partially shades the cheek, the other turns up: these hats are always ornamented either with down feathers or flowers.

A new kind of gauze called cachemire gauze is now much worn to trim the brims both of *chapeaux* and *capotes*, three rows of it are sometimes quilled byas; it is likewise put on in three or four falls quilled together and very full, which is called a *ruche*; other hats have a plaited riband at the edge of the brim; some have two or three bands of riband, put on round the edge at a little distance from each other. White hats are always trimmed with lilac ribands or flowers. Down feathers are also partially worn, but they are not so general as flowers. Roses, narcissus, gilly-flowers, and above all the everlasting flower of a deep citron colour are much in request. Fashionable colours are Provence rose, deep citron and lilac, but white is considered most fashionable.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

CELESTIAL maid! if on my way
Propitious thou wilt deign to smile,
Let virtue guide each youthful day,
From malice, envy, care, and guile.

Protect my inexperienced youth
From ev'ry ill, from grief and pain,
Inspire my heart with love and truth,
Without ambition's idle train.

Banish'd from thee, what's ev'ry joy?
What's beauty, wealth, delight, or ease?
Without thee all our pleasures cloy,
That nature first ordain'd to please.

In search of thee long time I stray'd,
Amid the crowds of busy life,
And still at every search betray'd,
I found but vanity and strife.

Hope pointed then to stately courts,
Where flourish'd pomp, and pride, and power—
But these were not thy calm resorts—
Far, far from these thy peaceful bower!

Mistaken youth too often flies
To act the libertine's wild part,
And seeks thee in the wanton's eyes,
That only shine to 'snare the heart.

Others, by fickle fortune blind
To flattery's mean device a prey,
Vainly expect thy joys to find,
Where flaunt the great, the rich, and gay.

Alas! ye blinded, thoughtless race,
Contentment never will ye find,
Till turn'd from folly and from vice,
Ye give your efforts to the mind.

In your own pow'r the magic lies,
To blend this life with joy or care;
Then every foolish aim despise—
Think yourselves happy—and you are!

Soho.

SANGRADO.

THE LAUGH OF AGONY.

FROM FEIST'S "WREATH OF SOLITUDE."

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"Melancholy is the nurse of frenzy."—*Shakespeare*.  
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I LAUGH'D—but not in pleasure's tone;
'Twas not the laugh of blythesome glee;
It was a mingled shriek and groan—
The maddening laugh of agony!

Close to my heart a sorrow clings,
Which shall not vanish with the morrow!
'Tis arm'd with fiercest scorpion-stings—
A never-resting, ruthless sorrow!

Ask not the history of its birth ;
Spare, spare my lips the dire relation,
I would not, for my country's worth,
Disclose its dark, its curs'd creation !

How many slumbering hearts of joy
The morning's beam will soon be waking!—
On mine, alas ! its opening eye,
Will smile—to see the fibres breaking !

EFFUSION OF A MELANCHOLY HOUR.

THE lonesome grave conceals my love ;
The grass waves o'er her baby's tomb ;
The kindly heart I thought would prove
My solace in life's wintry gloom.

'Twas not her eye that sparkled bright,
Nor magic form—with all their power—
For these are oft a syren light,
That burns no more than passion's hour ;

Nor was it love of sordid pelf
Subdued me to her gentle sway ;
No—'twas her mind, her angel-self
That round me shed the heavenly ray.

When cares oppress'd, how would her smile
And cheering converse smooth my brow !
How oft her heart—devoid of guile,
Thrill'd at the tale of others' woe !

Fond fancy number'd years of joy,
My home was heaven, our aims were one—
Our pledge of love, an only boy—
They perish'd—wife and child are gone !

Distracting thoughts, like lightnings flash—
 No breathing comfort lives to cheer me—
 And who shall blame the purpose rash,
 When heart and home, like mine, are dreary!

Mute is the tongue, could charm despair,
 Cold is the breast, once warm and true—
 Ah! never one with worth so rare,
 Tyrannic death! thy arrow slew.

Thou lingering hour—the last of life,
 To thee with anxious hope I turn,
 When far remov'd from ills and strife,
 I moulder by Amelia's urn.

Somer's Town.

W. S—s.

THIS IS NOT LOVE.

You ask me why unseen I stray,
 And waste the solitary day;
 Why far my wandering path extends,
 From mirth, and books, and home, and friends;
 You tell me Love alone can bind
 Such fetters round the yielding mind:
 Ah! no; this heart doth know
 No joys like Love.

Far from the vulgar ken I fly,
 To muse on Her averted eye;
 I turn from friends to think how She
 Has turn'd her alter'd cheek from me;
 Mirth, books, and home—ah! how can these
 The bosom's secret pang appease!
 Go, go; I do not show
 One sign of Love.

It is not Love to chill and glow
 Like wintry suns on beds of snow;

To chase the stifled sigh with fear ;
 To dry, before it fall, the tear,
 And, last sad victory of Pride,
 In smiles this inward strife to hide.
 Ah ! no ; this cannot flow
 From any Love.

'Tis Love to loosen Rapture's rein,
 And dream of all that might have been ;
 Give Fancy's eye unbounded scope,
 Outstrip the fleetest wings of hope ;
 Still fail, and still the course pursue,
 And deem each wish of Passion true.
 If so, this heart would know
 A genuine Love.

Mine is not Love ; this breast has bled
 Till every finer sense is dead ;
 Mine is the craving bosom's void,
 The joyless heart, and unenjoy'd,
 Engross'd by selfishness alone,
 As weeds o'ershade the desert stone.
 Ah ! no ; full well I know
 I cannot love.

ANON.

THE MOSS ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE angel of the flowers one day,
 Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,
 That spirit, to whose charge is given
 To bathe young buds in dews from heaven.
 Awaking from his light repose,
 The angel whispered to the rose—
 " Oh ! fondest object of my care,
 Still fairest found where all are fair,

For the sweet shade thou'st given to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
"Then," said the rose, "with deepen'd glow,
On me one beauty more bestow."
The spirit paus'd, in silent thought—
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws;
And rob'd in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

ISABEL.

TO A SNOW-DROP.

THOU comest, little peeping flow'r,
To tell th' approach of spring,
Ere yet the sun's reviving pow'r
One other bud can bring.

Thou comest, like the dawn of hope,
The drooping heart to cheer,
Like that with wintry winds to cope,
And brave the frosty year!

Hope is the bud, that cheers life's waste
When fate's rough storms surround;
And such, sweet flow'ret! is thy haste
To deck the barren ground.

I love thee, little modest flow'r,
Beyond all Flora's train!
Thou com'st to cheer the wintry hour,
They wait for summer's reign!

ELVIRA.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED SISTER, WHO FELL A SACRIFICE
TO EXTREME MATERNAL SOLICITUDE. WRITTEN AT HER GRAVE
IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF ARDESIER, NORTH HIGHLANDS,
DECEMBER 25th, 1817.

Yes! thou art gone—this green-grass sod,
The sadd'ning tale but tells too true,
Yes! thou art gone, to meet thy God,
Ere age had marr'd thy beauty's hue!
Yes! thou art gone! these wither'd leaves
That sprinkle o'er this sombre stone,
As tributes given by him who grieves,
Tell thou hast left him all alone.

And tho' there lacked this sombre stone
To point thy silent place of rest,
This eye's big tear—this bosom's groan
Too well thy early fate attest:
And though there lacked this fading flow'r
To strew upon thine earthy bed,
The desolation of thy bower
Proclaims thee mingled with the dead.

But culture that neglected bower
Will teach once more to smile on me,
For there I'll cherish every flower,
Erewhile belov'd, or priz'd by thee.
And still to sooth each fond regret,
The pleasing hope is kindly given,
That, parted here, Religion yet
May join our 'raptur'd souls in heaven!

AGATHA.—R. C.

SIMILIES.

LIKE dews upon the meadow—
Like summers's fading grass—
Or like the fleeting shadow—
This dream of life shall pass.

'Tis like the breath of morning;
Or like the solar beam;
Or like the flowers adorning
The banks of yonder stream.

The balmy flowers shall wither—
The sun shall sink his beam—
And morning fly together
With life's delusive dream.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poetical favours from R. C. Campbell, and others, are received, and shall be attended to.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of numerous contributions in prose; among them, *Lothario's* Letter, the satire of which, it is to be feared, would be too keenly felt by some of our *fair matrons* as well as *youthful maidens*; and we are loth to risk their displeasure incautiously.

Clio should be careful to direct the shafts of his ridicule *aright*; for, if he *mistake* his object, the force of his wit will be spent in vain.—The writers who have assumed dramatic signatures have failed in the delineation of character intended; but we would not discourage them; they may succeed in a less arduous undertaking.—For the authors of two unnoticed articles, answers are left at our publishers'.

We beg to accept the proposal of S. H. and shall be obliged by a sight of her Original Tale.

Other favours are deferred till a convenient opportunity; but shall be heard of in due course.

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Painted by S. Drummond Esq. R.A.

Engraved by J. Thomson.

Mrs Elizabeth Fry.

Pub. June 1818, by Dean & Munroe, Threadneedle Street.